

The EPAULET



The Epaulet presents . . .

The Saturday Evening Post



SPRING, 1956

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ABOUT OUR COVER

Aha! Serves her right! Expectation is always greater than realization. And how many times have we all been in the same boat? Now that spring is here, it becomes twice as hard to concentrate on books and three times easier to daydream. We never learn until it is too late.

The Saturday Evening

PAST



SO MUCH TOO EVENING

By TOBI FEINGLASS

"It's unbearable", he said suddenly, turning his face away from me. And there was nothing I could say, because I did not understand the way one ought to understand, only as one feels the pain of another when one is well. A remembrance not quite grasping the essence of the immediate moment, not quite feeling, knowledge without sensation. And although it was very important I pretended it was not. It was twilight, and the sky was almost turquoise. Through the black lacing of branches a slice of moon and a lone star whispered of the many things we could never find even to lose, and it was unbearable to me too. But those moments always pass for me.

We walked on until turquoise gave way to deep blue, and stopped then to wait for my bus. When it came and I got on, I saw him standing there, the stranger everyone becomes through a window. I was impatient the whole way home, wanting to tell someone about him and make him more real.

I had planned to talk to mother after dinner, but some friends dropped in; so I spent the evening with a queer nervous feeling in my stomach. Moments when I felt it was safe to withdraw I reconstructed the day.

I had gotten to the studio a little early because I was starting a new painting and I wanted to talk to my teacher, Hal Forest, about it, when he could devote a little undivided attention to me. Hal usually came in early. I think he liked the empty studio in the morning. It had a quality you can't quite explain, except to say that it's one of those places where you can be alone without being lonely, no matter how lonely you might have been before you opened the door. At least that's the way it was for me.

When I got to the door I heard

voices; so I knew I'd missed my chance, and moreover would probably be intruding on someone else's success, so I sat on a beat-up old chair in the hallway and had a cigarette. I had relaxed into a fog when a voice interrupted the reverie.

"Pardon me," it had said, "Could you tell me if this is where I find Hal Forest?"

I looked up at the voice and saw an old, tan raincoat, and the face of a boy who should wear nothing but old, tan raincoats. His eyes, his whole being actually looked as if everybody had just told him they didn't love him, and there was a hint of acceptance given uncertainly. I would really liked to have cried then. Perhaps it would have eased things. He didn't seem to think it was strange that I just sat there, staring up at him instead of answering his question. He just stood there, and I almost expected him to say, "Well that's all right, you don't have to love me, you know". Finally I managed to say that he should come with me and we went into the studio.

Hal was standing over a drawing board, and Bill Fellowes, who is probably the most talented of all Hal's students, was pointing at something on the paper. Hal looked up when we entered and came over to us.

"Hi, Mark," he took the boy's arm. I see you've met Lynne. This is Bill Fellowes." Bill looked up from his work. "This is Mark Lehman. He studied in Italy with an old friend of mine."

"Oh." Bill seemed a little annoyed at the possibility of someone overshadowing his talent. Not a pettiness. Always among the students, competition was accepted after the preliminary tension. "What brought you back to the states?"

"Money," Mark said flatly. "Lack

of it."

"Too bad," Bill said agreeably, and went back to his drawing board.

I hadn't even taken off my coat yet. I was looking at them. When Bill walked away I turned to Mark for his coat, and went into the cloakroom. When I came out Hal and Mark were talking, so I sat at a drawing board where I would be facing them and started playing around with some lines in charcoal I had the feeling that Bill was staring at me, but when I looked around I saw he was in one of his fits of concentration. Hal and Mark were still talking so I gave up, and started really thinking about what I was doing. I enjoy concentrating completely and then looking up in an hour or so to find people around who weren't there before. When I felt the sketch was good enough to show Hal the studio was full. I looked around to see how Mark was doing. He was sitting in the far corner, and I noticed that every few seconds he would brush his forehead with the back of his arm as if he were doing manual labor. I didn't see Hal.

"Where's the master?" I asked the girl beside me.

"He's gone for the day," she said.

"What time is it?"

"4:30."

"4:30?" It couldn't be. It had been about 9 when I'd started. Could I have just sat there drawing all day, straight through lunch? The idea wasn't impossible, since I really have no conception of time at all. Since I had missed Hal twice it really wasn't much use to work on the sketch any more, but there was a little bit in the corner that bothered me, and I didn't want to leave it overnight. When I finally got it right everyone had gone, but when I went into the cloakroom there were

two coats hanging there—mine, and an old, tan raincoat. I stood there for a moment wondering if he had forgotten his coat.

—Hello.

I turned around and there he was.

—I just left for a minute. I didn't want to leave you here alone. I thought it might upset you.

“Oh,” was all I said, just staring at him, feeling awkward and stupid. “Well, thank you,” I finally managed to say. He had taken my coat and was helping me into it.

We walked out of the studio into the late afternoon. “Would you like some coffee?” He looked at me in that strange way of his, and again I could manage only a yes.

We went into a drugstore and sat in a corner booth. I had adjusted a little by this time.

—Where were you in Italy?

—Florence most of the time. I was in Rome for a few weeks at the very end.

—Did you love Italy?

—Yes. I loved it. I'll never go back.

If I were to speak after that. I felt I would have to say exactly the right thing. My mind was groping for it.

He eased the tension himself by grinning at me and saying, “You really concentrate, don't you? Or were you asleep over that drawing board?”

I've never seen anyone smile as completely as he did. “I just forgot about time every now and then,” I said.

“I never do.” He became suddenly serious.

I wanted to do something very comforting, but I couldn't, because he was a stranger, and because I was afraid it might be the wrong thing. He was piling sugar lumps on the table absentmindedly. Then he became intensely interested in what he was doing and built a pyramid. When it was finished he looked up apologetically. I just smiled, and then we both started to laugh.

“How do you like Hal?” I asked.

—He seems all right. This friend of his I knew worships him.

—Really? I can see that. There's something about him. We call him the master, mostly as a joke, but sometimes we mean it. Really seriously.

—His work isn't that good, though.

—No. But he is.

—I sometimes think there is some secret in the world that some people know, and won't or can't tell us.

—You think Hal knows it?

—Maybe. I never will.

—Why never?

—I just know. I never will. I used to think I might find out. But I won't.

—Do you care? If only a few people know it, you have lots of company.

—I do care. That's why I don't have all that company.

—Oh.

—Why do you want to paint?

—Oh goodness. I never thought about why. I just always have. Why do you?

—Because I can't think of anything better to do.

—Oh.

—That shocks you, doesn't it? Such complete lack of dedication.

—No. It doesn't shock me. Perhaps you're more dedicated than you like to believe.

One corner of his mouth turned up, but the other side never got around to making it a smile. We'd finished our coffee and by unspoken agreement got up to go. It was beginning to get dark when we went out. Somewhere behind the tall buildings there was a sunset, but we didn't see it.

“You live near here?” he asked.

—No. I get a bus four blocks up.

—I'll walk with you.

We began to walk very slowly, because the streets were empty and an evening peace was settling in. Neither of us said a word. Just walked slowly on. The sky was turning to turquoise, and when I looked up I saw a thin sliver of moon and just one star very close to it. He looked up too for a long moment, his eyes troubled. Then he looked at me, and that's when he turned his face away

and said, “It's unbearable.” And it was.

Finally everyone was gone and I went into the kitchen with mother to do the dishes. I sat on the table while she washed.

“We have a new boy in class,” I said.

“Really?” She was only half listening.

—He walked me to the bus.

—That's nice, dear.

—He's a very nice boy, mother.

She turned around to me. “Who?” she asked.

“I knew you weren't listening”, I teased. “I met a boy today in class who walked me to the bus, and he's very nice.”

—When are you going to see him again?

—Tomorrow in class I suppose.

—No. I mean did he ask you for a date?

—Well, no mother. But I think he might.

—I'm glad to see you finally interested in someone. All your friends married already.

—Oh mother. Please. I just met him. I'm not in love with him or anything.

I went over and started drying the dishes. It always gets me when she starts talking like that, as if I'm an old maid at 21.

The next morning I got up late and had to hurry to school. I had planned to dress very carefully that morning but fate was against me. Hal never reprimanded anyone, but he didn't like people to be late. He felt it was a personal insult. Mark wasn't there when I arrived and I felt a twinge of regret for not warning him about being there on time.

Hal wasn't busy so I got him to go over my sketch with me. I love to watch him usually. He gets very intense and you feel as if your work is really important. He seemed a bit detached this time, and I began to feel a little uneasy about the thing. Finally I asked, “Is there something wrong with the sketch?”

“No-oh no Lynne”, he said. “It's fine. It'll be good.” Then he started

(Continued on Page 16)

SELECTED

WINTER
By CARLTON ADAMS

The leaves are gone!
The swift wind-brooms have swept them all away.
Each morning finds a glittering rime sparkling in the sun, but fading soon
To show the listless gray-brown grass.
The gray above reflects the gray beneath,
Silvering the pleading out-stretched fingers of trees.

A hush, a quiet,—and then
Winter spreads his morphine robe of white
Quickly covering the naked quaking earth.
The world, drugged, smiles; peaceful in these cold arms—
Sleeps.

EARLY AUTUMN — TREES IN AMBER
By CARLTON ADAMS

The trees stand heavy with their leaves of amber sugar.
The very sweetness of their perfume fills the air
And I am breathing sugar, walking frosted paths.

Perhaps tomorrow the trees will stand bare,
Ready for another autumn.
Perhaps then the golden sugar will have run
In great still pools 'round trunks.

Today; today they move only slightly,
And each leaf is a separate delight,
A fragile, golden, fairy creation the slightest breeze may mar or break.

Tomorrow my enchanted world may melt,—no matter.
Today I may walk and see and listen,
And then perhaps tomorrow I will remember.

CAMP
By KATHY VALLARD

It's after sunset, the lake is still,
I think of camp and recapture a thrill;
The smell of woods—green wetness after rain.
Now these days are the end but sing the refrain
Of blue skies and white billowing clouds
And the skyline of rolling mountains.
Of fires at night. Songs and People Living.
The times canoeing across a torchlit lake,
Quietly serenading a hushed valley,
The laughter—the fun—the unforgotten hours
Of work and play, and taking tents down before a hurricane.
A wonderful life, this interlude of peace;
Peace away from the outside world.

POETRY

ADONIS LOST

By KATHY VALLARD

I had forgotten Adonis—
Now Adonis has forgotten me.
But memories revoke illusion,
And time dissolves reality
Hope is the endless obsession
And prayer the answer to love.
I am told that youth has a way of forgetting,
But I am old, Adonis, and do not wish to forget
(How a Tchaikovsky overture sounds at night
Or the way a river looks by moonlight.)
Who will you guide to the stars?
Who will you lead on the Journey of the Magi?
When the roads met on that whirling cliff
Which one did you take, and where are you now?
You who led me to the crimson sunset
And departed at twilight—
Shall you not stay to watch the golden clouds
Fade in the distance and vanish on the horizon?
My shadow had withdrawn into darkness
For sunlight no longer silhouettes my shadow
And it recedes into the gulf of night.
You left me no strength to call to the gulls
When you departed from that rocky beach,
But I gave my testimony to the winds,
And pass my judgement on you,
That you shall return and lead me across the wilderness.
I should move on Adonis. I should seek another way,
But the road is uncertain,
And I fear of losing myself in the night.

CONCERN

By JOAN ESSICK

It is Sunday, and a sadness fills the air—
Perhaps it is the wind so whisper free,
Or then again it might just be the chime
that sounds so out of tune with this
large world.
And then again it can not be these few
things that seem so sad, so melancholy,
so forlorn; but it is I for what I
feel and sense and am.
How false this world can seem to be and yet as
true as life itself!

THOUGHTS

By KATHY VALLARD

My soul was bowed with a hidden pain
I sought for love, and to you I came.
But the days are over; I must be gone,
To the sands and stars I call my home.
For like the winds and summer rain,
Our love is over, and the sudden pain
I thought I'd lost, still haunts me
Now and then.
And I sigh with deep forgetfulness
For the loves I've ever known
And cry into the wilderness
For a love to call my own.
Lovers are friends, and lovers are strangers
And all must learn to face love's dangers,
Learn of the bitterness, learn at last,
And then regret the alien past.

THE THINGS I LOVE

By KATHY VALLARD

These are the things I love:
To be alone, and yet in constant touch with humanity.
To walk on a beach at night and talk with God,
And feel the ever demanding need of God.
To see the rolling hills silhouetted at dusk
And later watch for shooting stars.
I love the red skies at sunset, reflected in rippling lake,
Or just to drift in a canoe, endlessly rocked by the lull.
I love to stand on my bluff, overlooking my river
And gaze at the clouds flying low over the valley;
Or see, painted in shadows across the horizon
The skyscrapers of the island, distant yet near.
To see a flag unfurled at daybreak, in streaming morning sunlight.
I love the mist and sand and stars,
Rocks and trees and windy days.
I love life's gaiety, the lilting sound of mirth,
And the quiet times; the still, rare moments of being alone,
Of finding myself and finding a friend.
I love to love, but most of all be loved.

The Detroit Express

By BONNIE J. WALTERS

The train had been very late, and so Mr. Robinson had hurried a little as he wet down the platform. His feet, as he scurried across the cement, made a series of staccato pitter-patter sounds. The sky above was the brilliant blue of winter. It was a fine day. Crisp! Yes, that is what Eleanor would have called it. Crisp!

At the thought of the late Mrs. Robinson the little man slowed his rapid steps and let himself be carried along by the people about him. Eleanor—who would have thought that she would be the first! He had always been the weak one. Funny that Eleanor, so big, so strong, could die so quickly; it did not seem quite right somehow. Well, no use thinking about it. Mr. Robinson pushed his way through the throng in front of the door and went into the great room beyond.

Inside the building Mr. Robinson paused for a moment. People—everywhere great mobs of people were pushing, shoving, jabbing at one another as if resenting even this most brief of contacts with their fellow men. A grimy smoke hung above the crowd. Had it always been like this? For a moment Mr. Robinson felt ill. It was so warm, so heavy. Eleanor would have called it filthy, and it was. A large woman shoved Mr. Robinson against one of the wooden benches. Well! Perhaps he had better check on the Detroit train; it would probably be late. Eleanor always said to be sure and check. Mr. Robinson edged over to the ticket window.

There was a man, a Mr. Turner, behind the grille. He was very big, thought Mr. Robinson, very big. What an odd mole, no, there were two. Once, when he was kidding Eleanor about her mole, she had said—

"Well?"

"Oh, pardon me. Um, what I would like to know is whether or not

there is still a Detroit train at this time?"

"Super-Special or Detroit Express?"

"Beg, pardon, did you say two names? I didn't quite catch—?"

"Super-Special or Detroit Express!"

"Oh, I am sorry! Well, now, I guess I want one ticket on the Express, please. And what time? Oh, nine forty-five? I see. Thank you."

Mr. Turner frowned and went back to his work.

Nine forty-five, that was a whole hour away. What should he do? Mr. Robinson's eye fell upon a souvenir shop. Just the thing!

Mr. Robison walked around the tiny shop, pausing now and then to examine the garish gifts which it displayed. Finally he stopped to examine a post-card. It had a little verse on the front which he began to read, but soon he hastily dropped the card. How could people write such stuff! In disgust the little man turned to the door. Then he saw the pillow—a big, pink, satin pillow with I Love You embroidered on it. She had always insisted upon buying them, and then he had had to carry it, right through the whole station! Ah, well, it had been fun.

Nine o'clock—still plenty of time. Perhaps a cup of coffee would taste good. Breakfast was the Most Important Meal of the Day. Determinedly Mr. Robinson marched over to a nearby quick lunch counter and sat down on a hard metal stool before it. Suddenly it was good to sit down and breathe in the odour of bacon and eggs which floated from the shiny grills. Yes, as Eleanor said, Breakfast was Important, yes, indeed! He began to hum a little ditty, something he had heard on the radio. It was about love.

"Yes, what do you want?"

The suddenness of the question startled Mr. Robinson, and so he

stared at the waitress for a moment. She was really rather plump, oh, not quite fat, but still—. Eleanor had such a trim figure for a large woman.

"Well?"

"Oh, pardon me, Miss. I was just trying to think what I wanted. I guess I will have some coffee and one of those cinnamon buns, please." Mr. Robinson smiled pleasantly and hummed. Now here was the catchy part. Hum ,hum, hoom, hum. Well, he knew that pretty well! Eleanor always said that he had a pretty good ear. She could not sing too well.

"Here's your coffee, Mister." She thrust a greyed cup on to the counter in front of him, and put the buns beside it. Hungriely Mr. Robinson reached for the cup. The coffee was very strong, but it certainly was good. How could he have forgotten to eat breakfast? Perhaps, if he wrote a note to himself and then placed it beside the alarm clock, then he would be sure to remember. Eleanor always used to do that; she never forgot anything.

"Hey, Gracie! Guess what!" A brash young voice jarred the little man's meditation. "Hey, Gracie! Haskins is dead!"

At this triumphant proclamation Gracie, the waitress, swerved around and stared at the speaker, a red-haired youth. "Who is Haskins?" she asked querulously.

"Haskins! You know, Charlie Haskins, the guy who sold papers in here. You remember—he always used to come over here for coffee and a bun at ten or so. You remember!"

"Oh, My God! Him! That fellow? Well, I'll be darned. That guy! Gee, he always looked okay; what was wrong with him?"

"Gee, I don't know. Heart attack, I guess. Anyway he droped dead in front of the Chesnut Street door this morning."

Mr. Robinson crumbled his bun

into bits; it was too stale to be worth eating. What a shock this man's death would be to someone. He probably had a family somewhere. Death could be so terrifyingly fast. He shifted on the hard red stool and began to study the other people at the counter; he tried to concentrate on something.

"Gee, Mister, can you beat that! Dropped dead this morning. My God, I might have seen him if I hadn't come early. Gee, Charlie Haskins." Gracie shook her greasy head from side to side.

It was really quite warm; they should have better ventilation. Eleanor always said that fresh air—Eleanor was dead; he must remember to stop thinking about it. People might think he was funny or something. He wished that Gracie would go away, but she went on.

"I guess it must have been one of those cor-a-nary oc-cul-sions, huh? Lots of people have those, don't they, Mister?"

Yes, lots of people. Yes—it had been so sudden. One minute they were playing bridge, and then—She had been so heavy; he had had to struggle—struggle.

"Well, I just can't believe it, but it must be true. Here today, and gone tomorrow, I always say. I had an uncle once, and he went just like that. One minute he was mowing the lawn and—."

Here today and gone tomorrow. Carolyn had said that. She was only trying to "make it better," but she only—. Did she really like Eleanor, or did she only like her because George—.

"I wonder who told his wife. Boy, I'd hate to do that, wouldn't you? But still, I guess somebody—."

Yes, somebody has to. Dr. Carter. He did not want to believe it, but he had to. He had to. Why? Would she never cease! Eleanor, Eleanor!

"Hey, Mister! Hey, you forgot your change. Hey!"

Mr. Robinson shoved through the crowd, his tiny feet kicking angrily against the people in front of him. Voices, angry sharp voices scraped across his hearing, but he hurried on until at last he was outside on the platform. It was chilly now; the sun had disappeared, obscured by grey storm clouds, and Mr. Robinson began to scurry down the steps, out of sight of the angry voices and the grey sky. He pushed his briefcase ahead of him with his knees. An "all aboard!" echoed down the dismal tracks; he began to run faster, faster! Always faster-get there-must—a little man, running, running, running to the platform of the Detroit Express.

There were two little fleas who were terribly in love. One bright day in June, they were wed. Being frugal little fleas, they decided to save, give up fun, and conserve finances for a golden nest egg for happiness and security in their old age. After many years of labor, they were pleased to note five dollars in their bank account. Having made the first five, they agreed that a second five dollars wouldn't be as hard to save, and then years later, they had reached their goal of ten dollars!

That day they went out and bought a dog.

"What kind of person is your roommate?"

"Well, last night she stubbed her toe on a chair and said, 'Oh, the perversity of inanimate objects.'

Judge: "Are you sure this man was drunk?"

Cop: "Well, he was carrying a manhole cover and said he was taking it home to play on his phonograph."

The best way for a girl to keep her youth is not to introduce him to anybody.

A sensitive girl named O'Neill
Once went up in the big Ferris
Wheel;
But when half-way around
She looked down on the ground,
And it cost her a two dollar meal.



Tickleton In Timbuctoo

By BERNICE BRAMSON

Jonathan J. Tickleton emerged from his army surplus helicopter and took in his surroundings with a fearful glance. Mr. Tickleton, a graduate of Hail University in Little Rock, Tennessee, and a tourist by trade, had decided to begin his unusual career with a brief survey of that little-known but often-mentioned land, Timbuctu.

A close look revealed him as being a slender man of abnormal height (on tiptoe he could pick a coconut off the nearest palm) and not over thirty years old. A pair of old fashioned bifocals sat on the bridge of his nose and a stray lock (his one and only) of straw-colored hair fell carelessly on them. His features were long and thin to match his build—all except for his mouth which required a second look to be seen.

By a description in the October 1890 issue of Rational Geography Magazine, Tickleton surmised that he had arrived at his destination. He had landed in a clearing no larger than a table-top. From the surrounding walls of foliage issued an incessant revelry of screeching sounds.

Jonathan J. proceeded to unload his supplies for the night, a job which took well over two hours to finish, as his supplies included everything from a tent to a traveling library. As soon as he was organized he settled down in his beach chair (borrowed last summer from Jone's Beach) and switched on his portable radio to the Perry Como Show.

"This is the life," he mused. "Tomorrow I'll find the town and take photos of the natives to paste in my travel scrapbook. Maybe they'll even give me a shrunken head or two!"

With these pleasant thoughts in mind, our hero rolled under his mosquito net and retired for the night.

The alarm went off at six-thirty and Tickleton was quick to respond. After a quick shave with his electric

razor, a change into his khaki clothes and a few attempts at his Yogi exercises, he embarked on his search of the metropolis of Timbuctu.

All morning he wandered in the jungle following his Boy Scout compass, completely unaware that the needle was stuck. The heat of the day became unbearable and by dusk, Tickleton was at the point of exhaustion. He had just swallowed his last teaspoonful of Dr. Clyde's Vim and Vigor Tonic and was about to admit defeat when he suddenly saw a light and a clearing ahead. Stealthily he stole nearer to the light until he could distinguish a group of mud huts in front of which several natives sat beating on their tom toms and chanting a tune similar to Rock Around the Clock.

Mr. Tickleton thought it safe to reveal himself and walked briskly up to the native nearest him. The



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chanting stopped and the tom toms were silent. All eyes were on the newcomer. Jonathan J. reached into his hip pocket and drew from it a small leather-bound edition entitled *When in Timbuctu, Do As the Timbutuians Do*.

"Bwana wanti see chifi," he addressed the native before him.

The little dark man seemed puzzled and remained silent.

"Bossom, bossum biggi man," insisted Tickleton.

Silence ensued and the other natives cast strange glances at Mr. Tickleton.

Tickleton, now at the end of his patience, muttered a few unprintable words under his breath and boomed out—"I want to see your chief! Can't you understand Timbuctuan?"

A smile flooded the native's face and he was about to reply when someone yelled—"Cut! That's all for today, boys. Tomorrow we'll shoot the next scene of "Jungle Jack in the Jungle" starring Jungle Jack and his jungle friends."

Jonathan J. Tickleton, from sheer exhaustion, fainted away.

Sleep is when you don't get enough the night before, you wake up half a.

The White Pigeon

By IBBY DOENGES

The last of the Emerson's automobile long ago disappeared from sight, but my eyes are still fixed upon the spot where I last saw it. I think it both sad and strange that I was the only person who told Andrea good-by. It is as if the others did not want to have themselves the least bit sullied by her disgrace.

Each time I think of Andrea, my mind goes ironically to a lovely white pigeon my brother had when I was a small child. My brother had a number of pigeons, grey and brown creatures, quiet and stupid. One day someone gave him a beautiful, gentle white pigeon. We admired the pi-

geon and then put her with the others. The next day, I found the white pigeon lying maimed and bleeding. I picked her up, and as I held her, she fluttered and then the heart in the soft white breast stopped.

My father found me crying over the dead white bird and with his gentle wisdom told me that the other pigeons, who were so plain and dull, had not been able to accept the beautiful stranger who was so different from them.

I remember Andrea's first day at boarding school. She was new and still without a uniform, so very beautiful, so quiet, so quick in her studies, so unaccustomed to girls her own age. I remember too, how all the other girls, seemingly so harmless,

had hated her perfect beauty and her very differentness. One by one they pecked at her and persecuted her, and day by day she became more and more different.

Now she has been expelled and, though it seems cruel, I do not doubt but what it will be for the best; for wherever she goes, she will be happier than in this place. I know this just as I know that the beautiful white pigeon is at peace somewhere away from the birds with the grey and brown feathers.

"Did the mudpack I suggested improve your wife's appearance?" the druggist wanted to know.

"It did for a few days," was the reply, "but then it wore off."

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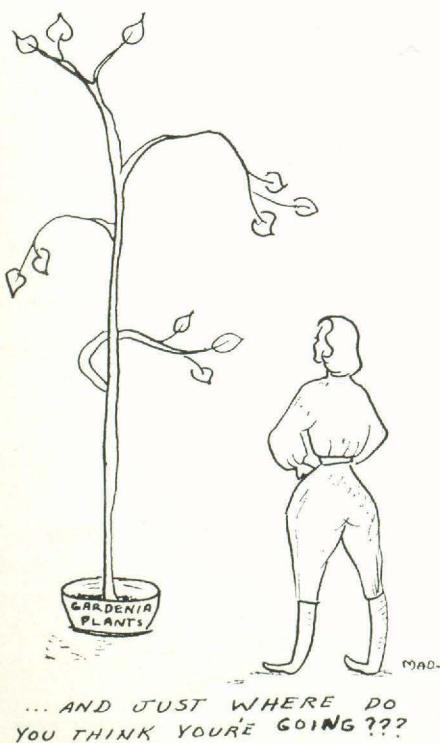
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FORGOTTEN

By CAROLYN MARTIN

*Fragrance of a faded flower,
Sweetness of another hour;*

Edith H. Shank

The snow had turned into a slow drizzling rain. I had been driving most of the night and now the slow hectic journey had come to an end. I stood there in front of a strange house. She was living there. I couldn't help thinking of the place that had once been her home: —a home that was stately and beautiful with white boards that were painted every spring; a home that was surrounded by acres of nothing but flowers and grape arbors. Now I stood in front of this house that had taken its place. It was old, dark and lonesome. It was almost as though no one lived there.

I climbed the rough board steps which led to the sloping porch and the door. I hesitated for a moment and then opened the door. A feeling of sadness fell over me when I entered the small cluttered hallway of my Aunt's house. Mother met me with a warm welcome but a sad face.

"The doctor is here now. You come into the kitchen and have something to eat."

After fixing breakfast for me, she sat down. In the dim morning light I looked at her closely for the first time. I shall never forget the look on her face—the tired sad look. She began to talk as if she hadn't spoken to a soul for days.

"She's in the next room, sleeping for a while at least."

"What does the doctor say?"

"She's lucky to be alive."

"How did it happen?"

"She had a stroke and lay on the cold, damp floor for almost twelve hours. If it hadn't been for a curious neighbor, I imagine she would still be lying there. She's paralyzed. She's

just like a baby—has no control over herself."

"I came as soon as I got your telegram."

Mother got up from the kitchen table and crossed over to the window.

"It's a dark day outside. I was worried about your driving all that distance in such weather, but it couldn't be helped. I couldn't stand it any longer, being here alone with one to help me except strangers!"

She turned around and looked at me. She was crying.

"You'll never know what it's been like for the past two days. The townspeople are so insincere. They don't care about her. All they care about is getting some of her things cheap. They've been robbing her for years! Even her wedding ring is gone. Remember what she used to have? Remember what she used to be? Look at this house. Where is it? Where has it all gone?"

As my mother spoke, I looked around the room. In the old china closet I recognized a fine cut glass vase that used to sit in a select spot on her living room table years ago. There were scattered pieces of silverware now tarnished and old—so many things reminded me of the past. I got up and walked to the window. I looked out and saw a bare backyard. Just as I was about to turn away, my eyes fell on three flower pots sitting in the window. They were African violets, wilted from lack of water but still green. And then I remembered that someone had once said to me that if a person liked flowers, there had to be some good in them. My mind went back—back to the house on the hill. I remembered my Aunt and the flowers. . . .

Suddenly my mother spoke:

"Sometimes I must don't understand life. I know that she did a lot

of things that were unforgivable, even to me, but she did a lot of good things, too—when she was asked. Now that she's helpless she has no one, no friends, nothing except her memories."

"I guess everything catches up with you in the end, and there's not much you can do about it."

Mother shook her head. "I know—I know."

I persuaded my mother to sit down and rest awhile; and after I washed the breakfast dishes, I entered my Aunt's room for the first time. The room was dark; the shades were down. She was lying in her big four-poster bed. She had still kept her bedroom suite even in her poverty. I guess it made her think that she still had something, even if it was only a small part of her past wealth. I sat down in a chair next to her bed.

"Is that you, Jack?"

She was awake. I got up and went to her side.

"No, Aunt Matt. It's Caddy. I came in this morning to be with you."

She turned her head towards me, and I saw the shell of a woman who had once been a tower of strength. Her thin hand reached for mine.

"It was good of you to come. My you've grown up. Come sit by me. Hold my hand and tell me about yourself. Where's your mother?"

"She's lying down for awhile. She'll be in to see you soon."

"I didn't want to bother her. I didn't want her to come, but now that she's here, I'm glad. Come, tell me about yourself."

I sat down on her bed and started to tell about college, my job and everything in general; but I saw that she wasn't listening.

"Where is Jack? Why isn't he here?"

I realized that her mind was wan-

THE EPAULET

dering. Jack had been her husband, and he had been dead for twenty years.

"Jack's not here, Auntie."

"Why? He is always here when I want him."

A hurt look came to her eyes. She looked at me, and then the old expression of authority flooded her face. "Mrs. Dobbs. This room is a mess. Don't just stand there. Clean it! When I pay you money, I expect you to earn it."

I got up from her bed and walked to her dresser and started to rearrange the things on it.

"Mrs. Dobbs, do you hear the phone?"

"Yes."

"Well, answer it. And if it's that John Dodd, tell him I expect payment immediately. I pay my debts on time and I expect others to do the same."

I walked out of her room and into the kitchen. I remembered what my mother had said, "Remember what she had? Remember what she used to be?" I went to the stove and made some coffee; then I walked into the living room and sat down in a big worn chair. There was a bookcase next to the chair. I glanced at the old hymn books and the dated magazines, and then I noticed a bound leather edition of "Poems" by Robert Browning. As I looked at the book, I thought of something my Aunt used to say, "I like books with nice bindings; they add something to a room."

"Hazel! Hazel!"

I got up and went back into her room. She was calling my mother's name.

"Mother's asleep, Aunt Matt. This is Caddy, do you hear? Try to understand. Jack is dead. You fired Mrs. Dobbs years ago."

After I had said this, I realized that it had been a cruel thing to do; but it was too late now. Tears came to her eyes, and she turned her head away.

"I'm sorry. I forgot—I'm sorry. Don't let me trouble you. It's just that I don't like being alone."

"You're not alone. I'm here.

Mother's here. We're going to take you home."

"Home? Yes, I'd like that. Will you do something for me?"

"Yes, of course. What would you like me to do?"

"Comb my hair."

I looked at the grey matted hair. I went to her dresser and got the ivory comb that was lying there. I ran the comb through her hair and she seemed pleased.

"I want to look my best when visitors come. My hair always looks nice. I have it done twice a week. Yes, when visitors come I want to look my best."

"Your hair looks very nice, Aunt Martha."

"Yes, thank you Mrs. Dobbs, you may go back to your work now; and don't forget to cut a fresh bouquet of gladiolus for the dining room table."

Her voice faded away and she was asleep. Mother entered the room and motioned for me to come out.

"I heard her talking about flowers and visitors. She always says the same things. She wants to see people—she misses them; and do you know that there hasn't been one person interested enough to even inquire how she is?"

"How long has she been this way?"

"She seems to be getting worse and worse. Her mind stays in the past almost all the time now. I'm afraid that it won't be long before she loses us completely."

"Hazel? Hazel? Is that you? Come here, I've got something to show you."

I followed Mother into the room. Aunt Matt was struggling to sit up in her bed, it seemed as though she wanted to look out the window.

"Now, now, Martha, you're too weak to try something like that. Just lie down and rest."

"Did you see it?"

"Did I see what?"

"It's my birthday, you know; and Jack bought me a new car. The hired man just drove it up this very minute. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes, very beautiful."

"I am sure the party will be nice tonight at Mrs. Weldays. All of my old friends will be there, and I will come late in my new car. Rather nice to enter that way."

There was a knock on the door. Mother went to answer it. Aunt Matt had heard it too, and she seemed alert and waiting.

Mother entered again, followed by a middle-aged country woman. Aunt Matt seemed to recognize her, and she held out her hand. The woman hesitated, then said, "How are you feeling, Mrs. Peters?"

"I'm much better, now."

"I just came by to bring you something from the Ladies Guild." The woman opened her pocketbook and pulled out a white envelope and handed it to her.

I could see the pain in my Aunt's eyes—I knew that she finally realized that she had been forgotten. She raised her head high and thanked the woamn with great dignity.

"Thank you so much. I do appreciate this. Yes, thank you."

The woman shook hands with Aunt Martha again and left. When I returned to the room, I saw that she had opened the envelope. It was a five cent get-well card with a basket of flowers on it. She read the card over and over.....

I knew then that she had returned to the past and I was glad, because she was happiest there.

When she died, she was buried in a little grave in Pennsylvania. I shall never forget the notice on the door of the funeral home:

"Services—

11 A. M. Martha Peters

Below this notice there was a bouquet of artificial flowers.

How 'bout the two red corpuscles who loved in vein?

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SEAWALL

By DOTTIE WHITING

Sea gulls and sails—peace. That's what Christy thought as she jerked the lines that raised the dazzling red spiniker to be captured and nourished by the oncoming wind. Skimming along smoothly in the icy waters took her away from the confusion and uncertainty of life on shore. There was no groping in the water—the wind is a friend—strong, clean, like God, or like Dave, who sat behind her royally and held the tiller with confidence.

"Chris, for God's sake, pull that spiniker line all the way—it's dragging the water portside!"

The words came at her muffled and angry, and Christy hesitated, then jerked and tied the line.

A masterful male, but a sailor, not a make-out man. Jack would say something like "Drink up, embrace, oh atheists, life's absurd, we just exist." Then the bleary-eyed intellectuals would laugh approvingly and raise their mugs saying "Theta Psi, let's all get high", or something equally as brilliant. Their phrases seemed like platitudes, when Chris looked at Dave.

She braced herself against the mast, sitting on the upper deck with her feet dangling over the rim of the boat, and felt her Shetland sweater until her fingers touched the Theta Psi pin

"Hike out, Chrissy; the wind's picking up!"

She leaned back until she felt the blood rushing to her head, looking at a Sea Gull flying upside down, and enjoying the straining muscles in her hips and legs. Thick black clouds were creeping in from the West, blotting out the sinking sun—the water was a murky, freezing grey, and the faraway land was mystically covered with artificial brightness and greyish greens. The water was swelling and crashing against

the boat. Christy untied the spiniker lines and jerked them until she could grab and hold the wild red orlon; then she threw it under the deck and grabbed the boom, slowly and unsteadily making her way back to Dave.

The boat was heading rapidly toward the pier, and Christy hadn't bothered to put up the jib, knowing that the mainsail would be enough to take them inland. As she was bobbing back and forth with the boom, her eyes met Dave's and they both smiled. She smiled because his sandy hair was jumping wildly from one side of his forehead to the other, because his strong wide mouth held an uplighted pipe, and because his feet were bare and his khakis were rolled up to expose two long, muscular legs....an adorable, grim Spartan. He smiled because he loved this kind of adventure, and Christy was a small part of that love. She was slim, and tan, and quite lovely, in a healthy kind of way, but these things hadn't occurred to him.

She had stood in back of him that morning, on the wharf, regarding in silent appreciation the back of his strong tan neck, his broad but thin back, and his half-finished water

color of the mysticism of the storm that she was now feeling. He had turned slowly around as she looked, and his black eyes captured hers and held them. She shivered—she had known him in myths, in dreams, and in music, but she didn't know his name. He smiled, and asked her if she wanted to go sailing—that's all—and she was in the boat very soon, because that's all she had really ever wanted to do, though she had sailed many times before. . . .

Jack had handled his proposition very smoothly. Jack was the kind of person who made everything sound logical and natural by quoting philosophers and being charming. She had raised her arms and let him take her into his—it was a sensuous, painfully pleasant embrace, as he moved his hand from the small of her back to her ribs and further up the side of her body—his mouth touched her cheek, her chin, and then, what seemed to Chris an immeasurably long time later, moved to her mouth. Her arms tightened around his shoulders and her fingertips traced and retraced the lines of his close-shaven head, oxford collar, and tweed jacket. She was weak and she loved him.

(Continued on Page 15)



PAST SCRIPTS

A parrot was sitting in the salon of a luxurious steamer watching a magician do tricks. The magician served notice that he was going to do a trick never before accomplished. He pulled up his sleeves and proceeded to make a few fancy motions. Just at that moment, the ship's boilers blew up, demolishing the ship. About five minutes later, as the parrot came to, floating on a piece of driftwood, he muttered, "Damn clever, damn clever."

Psychoceramics: The study of crack-pots.

An elderly lady driving along nonchalantly turned a corner and ran over a poor inebriate crossing the street. Without change of emotion, she stopped the car, rolled down the window and called, "You had better be more careful there, young man."

Rising on one elbow the drunk yelled, "Ye gods, lady, don't tell me you're going to back up."

Judge: (pointing to cigarette butt on the floor)—Jones, is this yours?

Jones: (pleasantly)—Not at all, sir; you saw it first.

Patient: I'm all out of sorts; the doctor said the only way to cure my rheumatism was to stay away from dampness.

Friend: What's so rough about that?

Patient: You don't know how silly it makes me feel to sit in an empty bathtub and go over myself with a vacuum cleaner.

Doctor: "Is your cold any better?"
Patient: "No,"

Doctor: "Did you drink the orange juice after the hot bath?"

Patient: "No. After drinking the hot bath, I couldn't get the orange juice down."

The beefy truck driver leaned out of his cab and looked down at the elegant young man in the M. G. The traffic light changed from red to green, but the young man was having trouble getting his car started.

"Whattsa matter buddy?" hooted the truck driver. "Need a new flint?"

The tourist was gazing into the crater of the famous Italian volcano, "It sure looks like hell, doesn't it?"

"Oh," retorted his guide, "you Americans have been everywhere!"

Teacher (warning her children against catching cold): "I had a little brother seven years ago, and one day he took his new sled out in the snow when it was too cold. He caught pneumonia and three days later he died."

Silence for a few seconds. A voice from the rear: "Where's his sled?"

I serve a purpose in this school
On which no man can frown:
I gently enter into class
And keep the average down.

Mrs. Brown: "Whenever I'm in the dumps I get myself a new hat."

Mrs. Black: "I was wondering where you got them."

(Wow! What a ripost! Mrs. Brown is feeling pretty well out of it, so she tells Mrs. Black that whenever she's in the dumps, she gets herself a hat. Whereupon Mrs. Black, quick as a flash, retorts, "I was wondering where you got them," thus insinuating that Mrs. Brown scrounges around the city dump for her chapeaux. Actually, what Mrs. Brown *really* meant was that whenever she feels lousy, she buys a hat. The reason it is all so confusing is because "in the dumps" can mean either "feeling lousy" or "in the trash heap." You can bet Mrs. Black knew what Mrs. Brown meant all along, but just couldn't resist playing a sly trick on her. You can imagine Mrs. Brown's feelings!)

Man: "Why are you wearing that toothbrush in your lapel?"

Boy: "That's my class pin. I went to Colgate."



IN BETWFEN TIMES

By COLETTE COURTOT

In this waiting period
between winter and spring,
between sleeping and waking,
between death and life
each unthought step
releases unsought smells,
gentle, yet disturbing

Stimulated by rain
roots stretch and strain
toward an unseen sun.

And the sleeper in his bed
tosses restlessly,
yet unaware
of the source
of his tossing.

Caressingly I should linger
through each precious hour,
over each precious minute
and second.

But the stroking of time
becomes an empty clutching.
And though I hold the sky
fixed with my two eyes,
and fill my ears with wind,
and grasp handfuls of soil,
even then I cannot linger.
The soil runs through my fingers.

"A fool can ask more questions
than a wise man can answer."

"No wonder so many of us flunk."

Judge to prisoner: "You've been
brought in here for drinking!"

Drunk: "Fine, lesh get started."

The sleeper tossing restlessly,
when he awakens,
will he know—
know that he was tossing?
Or why?
Or will he feel only
a gentle stirring
telling him that perhaps
he was dreaming?

This is the waiting time.
Troubling time,
raising questions
with every sun-ray,
ruffling grass
with every breeze,
prodding strange insects
through their cocoons.
This is the waiting time.
Yet when the spring has come,
no one remembers
the pale sun on yellow grass,
and bare trees reflected in dark pools
where crows drink.
Nor does the sleeper, when he awakens,
remember his tossing and dreaming.

This is the waiting time,
when bodies rest,
and souls wander.
Yet when it is over,
I cannot remember the waiting.

"I understand he takes her to mystery plays instead of dances."

"Yes, they love each shudder."

"I cured by child of biting his nails."

"Oh yes, how?"

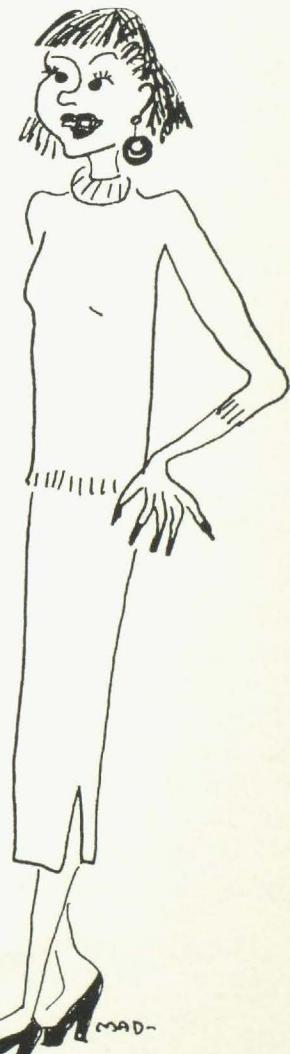
"I kicked his teeth out."

A recent graduate of Harvard found himself the unexpected inheritor of a cattle ranch out West. Things were a lot rougher and tougher than the polite young man from the East was accustomed to. He finally decided, however, that he had to do something drastic about the old reprobate on the neighboring ranch who was engaged in a bit of fancy cattle rustling. So he hauled out his trusty old typewriter and let him have it. To wit:

"Dear Sir: I would be grateful if you won't leave your hot branding irons where my cattle can sit down on them."

"Say, mister, will you lend me a nickel? I want to call a friend."

"Here's a dime—go call all your friends."



BLIND DATE!

THE EPAULET

THE PERFECT SQUISH

breath on this space for three minutes and if it turns brown, brush your teeth.

SEAWALL

(Continued From Page 12)

Mother had said what a very polite and pleasant boy Jack was—she approved of the pinning, and also of his background. Jack called her "Mom" and smiled and hugged her a great deal.

"Let's move to the back seat."

"Mother said two at the latest."

"Your Mother trusts me," he smiled.

"You are animalistic and I hate you," she kidded.

"Come on, Chris!" he frowned. He bit her shoulder.

"Umm, I'll bet flesh would taste better than cashmere." The way his whole face, from the eyebrows to the chin, really worked at smiling, was enough to melt her.

"The scholastics said one should concentrate on the soul, not the flesh."

"The Scholastics were pickled, dead, stagnant, and the only soul they had was the one of repressed desires."

"Christ said. . . ."

"Christ taught a slave-morality," he snapped.

"Then I'm a slave!" Chris was irritated, more at Jack's tone of voice than his words.

"And I'm your master," he said throatily. "Into the back seat, female! I love you, and you and I are free spirits!"

"I'm sure that your mind is not on the spirituality of the Nieszsche varitey."

"Where in hell did you acquire your Victorian tendencies? Seriously, Chris, we're pinned. Don't you trust me?" He ran his finger slowly up and down the side of her neck and around her ear. "We're not kids," he said, brushing his lips across her eyebrows. "Not yet, Jack—I love you, darling, but not yet."

"What about Ran and Jerry—Mike and his girl—Al—everybody. Chris—they're pinned. You want to, just as much at I do—it's right. My God, Chris, you've got me! I'm drunk with the wine of love. I'm dancing in a field of heather with

my adorable little woodsprite. We lie down in the purple stuff and ecstatically drug each other with love, and forget about the world of moral veneer."

Chris giggled. "You're ridiculous, but I have to take leave of you, Bonsoir, my darling, only for a little!" She straightened herself in the mirror and started to slide across the seat to the door, but instead she lighted a cigarette and looked at his frowning face through her smoke screen. She had worked two years to get him—he was so invincibly immune to the charm of females—but somehow she had managed to impress him. After the second date, the beer party at the house, at which he had said such beautiful things to her, she always feared losing him—perhaps because she was never quite sure what Jack was going to do, or how to handle him if he did. The fear suddenly closed in on her, and she very quickly threw herself at him and kissed him heavily, but his body was like stone and his mouth merely tolerated her.

"Leave, Chris, you're a child," he said quietly.

"You're right, Jack—I want it—I want you—but I've got to think about it. I've got to analyze."

"What in hell is there to analyze? Love doesn't analyze—it acts—it's beyond good and evil. It's a complete relationship. Ours is incomplete and it's making us unhappy. Love me, Chris, really love me, and I'll take care of you. That pin means something. I didn't give it to you to dangle on your sweater and impress your female friends. It's a symbol of our wanting each other. If you don't want to accept. . . ."

"Jack. . ." She was so afraid he was going to say it. "Not to night, Jack—Mom will suspect—call me tomorrow, about five."

"I'll see about a cabin and fake an excuse—you're adorable, Chris—I'll buy two bushels of heather . . . 'Nite my woodsprite!"

"Goodnight, Jack." She left her pigskin gloves on the seat. She didn't blow a kiss at her door. . . .

Chris leaned over in the rocking

boat and removed the pipe from Dave's mouth.

He looked at her questioningly, and then grinned, and there was something there between them.

"Chris," he yelled above the wind, "find all the rope you can and tie it together. We're going to have a hell of a time docking this thing without a smash-up!"

She crawled around the wet deck, ducking the nervous boom, and did as she was ordered. They were about twenty feet from the pier, so Chris began to lower the mainsail. By the time she got it down and was sliding it off the boom, the storm was raging, though no rain had come. Several men were waving for lines from the pier, but they weren't within throwing distance, so Dave told her to take the

(Continued on Page 16)

They were having just one more at the bar when an old friend, previously quite normal, came through the door, walked up the wall, across the ceiling, down the other wall, and disappeared out the door. There was a moment of stunned silence, then, one said to the other, "What's the matter with that guy?"

"Yeah, he didn't even speak to us."

Julie: "What's the hurry?"

Carolyn: "Just bought a textbook and I'm trying to get to class before the next edition comes out."

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TOO MUCH TOO EVENING

(Continued From Page 3)

in on it again in the same manner. I looked up to see what Mark was doing but he still wasn't there. I felt kind of disappointed. It looked as if he wasn't going to be in at all, and I wondered why.

I joined Bill and some of the other students for lunch in the coffee shop next door. After we'd ordered, one of the girls said, "That's really something about that new boy, isn't it?"

"Sure is", Bill said. "I wonder why he did it."

"What?" I asked.

"Didn't you read the paper this morning?" someone said. "It's all over the front page."

—No. I got up late. What?

—That boy who came yesterday killed himself. Jumped off Dobson's Bridge.

I was stunned. I had no right to feel grief, for I hardly knew him; or loss, for I never loved him. But still it mattered terribly.

"What time?" I whispered.

—The paper didn't say.

Six o'clock last night I had left him. I got up and left the coffee shop and started walking. Perhaps I had been the last human being he had ever spoken to. Perhaps I was the last person who knew him at all to see him, and he had been a stranger through a window then. I remembered his old, tan raincoat hanging there next to mine, and his eyes, those strange, regretful eyes. I had wanted to do something very comforting and hadn't. A boy I never knew had died, and perhaps I was the last person he had ever smiled at with that so much of a smile. When he'd said it was unbearable I hadn't quite understood, because these things always pass for me. I have always gotten over what has been. But I cannot get over what might have been. In the early evening when the peace is particularly painful I know, I understand as much as anyone ever does. I understand what it is to see and hear turquoise and black and pale yellow speaking of all the things

we shall lose before we ever find them.

SEAWALL

(Continued From Page 15)

tiller while he paddled. When they got near enough, Dave threw two lines to the men and Chris threw one to a man behind the sea wall. The boat was fairly secure with two lines tied to the bow and one to the stern. They both began stuffing the sails into bags. The boat suddenly and violently rose off the sea and came crashing down again, bringing Christy down on the deck; but she picked herself up again and tried to help, though her head was roaring like the wind with convulsive little thoughts that meant nothing to her. She tossed a sailbag on shore, which Dave caught.

"C'mon ashore, Chris! The boat's O. K."

Just then the bow lines snapped and the boat was liberated—wildly it pounded against the sea wall, with angry retaliation. Chris slipped and crawled along the deck towards the wall—the thunder roared within her—fight, don't let it destroy you—fight to be free. Dave was screaming at her but she hung her legs over the rim and braced them against the wall. Every muscle and nerve in her body taut, she fought to keep the boat from being smashed by the hurling motions of the sea as it rose and fell like a great, sluggish hammer. She felt another power behind her, but she struggled insensibly—again and again, thunderous noises, splinters, and Dave's arms around her.

The noise and hysterical ebb and tide ceased. Dave was there, trying to free her clutching fingers from the rim of the boat. Chris slowly made her body limp and allowed the arms to pick her up. The boat was saved and she had won. Her mind was clear and she looked up at Dave radiantly.

"I'm free, at last I'm free!"

"Chris? You all right? God, for a while there I thought you were going to break a leg!"

The storm had blown over and the sea was quiet.

When the newlyweds got on the train the groom tipped the porter and whispered, "Don't tell anybody we were just married."

The next day the couple were very embarrassed to find everyone staring at them, and finally confronted the porter. "No suh," came the emphatic reply. "Everytime they asked me if you was just married, I'd tell 'em no indeed, you was jes' real good friends."

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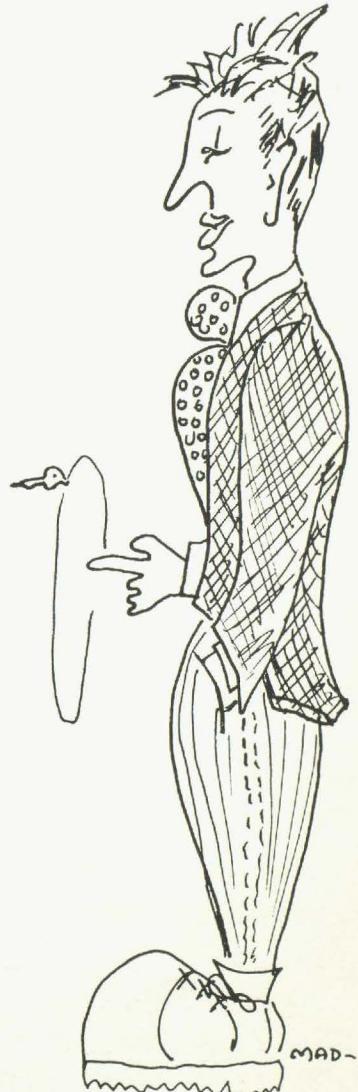
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FOUNTAIN SERVICE

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ANOTHER BLIND DATE!

THE EPAULET

A CHALLENGE

By JOAN ESSICK

The small child asked, "What is Spring?"

And a wise old man, a pessimist, a poet, and another child answered her in turn, but none could show her.

Said the wise old man, "Spring is a time of learning, for wisdom is knowledge."

Said the pessimist, "Spring is a time of despairing, for want takes away all hope."

Said the poet, "Spring is a time of searching, for a keen mind demands greater expectations."

Said the other child, "Spring is a time of growing, for we must build our bodies and keep them strong."

The small child mused over answers far beyond her grasp and turned away confused. It was then that a whisper of wind ruffled her long, brown hair which shone in the screams of yellow sunlight that danced on the freshly sprouted blades of green grass. A small brook chattered happily accompanied by the dulcet tone of a robin as five white and yellow crocuses nodded their approval.

She had seen the answer to her question, answered by the Creator of all—
Of Summer so swift,
Of Autumn so progressive,
Of Winter so enduring,—
Of Spring—so lasting.

Egyptian Proverb: The Worst Things:
To be in bed and sleep not,
To wait for one who comes not,
To try to please and please not.

The cocky young executive was bragging to an older colleague about an important conference he was on his way to attend. "It's going to be a real battle of wits, I can tell you!" he exclaimed.

"How brave of you," murmured the older man, "to go unarmed."

Two little German boys were walking through the mountains with their mother. As one of them suddenly pushed her off a cliff he charted to the other, "Look, Hans, no Ma!"

It was one of mother's most hectic days. Her small son, who had been playing outside, came in with his pants torn.

"You go right in and mend them yourself."

Sometime later she went to see how he was getting along. The torn pants were lying on the chair. The door to the cellar, usually closed, was open and she called down loudly, "are you running around down there without your pants on?"

"No, Madam, I am merely reading the gas meter."

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General Washington Inn

A horse went into a bar recently and ordered scotch. He threw it down without a word and asked how much. "Two dollars," said the bartender. The horse pulled out two ones and tossed them on the bar and started out, when the bartender called him back. "Hey," he said. "I've been tending bar for a long time and this is the first time a horse ever came in and drank scotch." "Yeah," said the horse, "and at two dollars a shot, it will probably be the last."

An American engineer was being shown through the Moscow subway by his official Red Army guide.

"This is a remarkably well-designed subway," he said, "but why aren't there any trains running?"

Replied the Russian: "And what about the lynchings in the South?"

The other day we met a man who had reached the depths of disillusionment. He had spent two hundred dollars on a permanent cure for halitosis. Then he found out that no one liked him anyway.



Fredericksburg, Va.

Near College Gate

ODE TO THE OWL

By IBBY DOENGES

There is a strange, nocturnal bird,
Of whom you all have doubtless heard.
Of the friends of Mr. Audubon,
The owl is the most evil one.

The owl is downy, horned, or snowy,
The owl is void of all joy.
Some think the owl is good and wise,
I find stupidity in those eyes.

The owl is wicked, sly and grim,
The her is worse than the him.
Here's to the foulest of all fowl,
The nasty, greedy, ugly owl.

All things earthly
Fade away,
So fades the bloom
Of youth.
The only everlasting
Things,
Are Friendship, Love
And Truth.

A sweet old lady, always eager
to help the needy, spied a particularly sad-looking old man standing on a street corner she walked over to him, pressed a bill into his hand, and said, "Chin up."

The next day, on the same corner, the sad old man shuffled over to the sweet old lady and slipped ten dollars into her hand.

"Nice pickin'," he said in a low voice. "Paid nine to one."

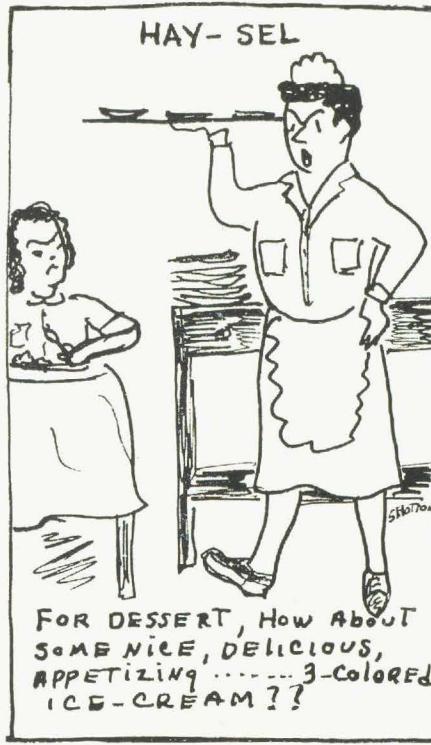
"That's the spirit!" cried the medium as the table began to rise.

"But, Henry, this isn't our baby."
"Shut up, it's a better buggy."

Willie poisoned Grandma's tea,
Grandma died in agony,
Willie's always up to tricks,
Ain't he cute, he's only six.

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True friends
Are like rubies,
Precious and rare,
False ones
Like autumn leaves,
Found everywhere.

A drunk lying on the floor of a bar began to show signs of life, so one of the customers smeared a little limburger cheese on his upper lip. The drunk arose slowly and walked out the door. In a few moments he came back in. Then he went out again, only to return in a few minutes.

Shaking his head with disgust he said, "Sno use. The whole world stinks."

Smith: "Jones, I think that son of yours is spoiled."

Jones: "I'm inclined to disagree with you, old man."

Smith: "Well, come out and see what a steam roller did to him."

Dear Old Soul: "Pardon me, sailor boy, but do those tattoo marks wash off?"

Old Salt: "Couldn't say, ma'am."

The Perfect Squish

Sometime when you're feeling important,
Sometime when your ego's in bloom,
Sometime when you take it for granted
You're the best qualified in the room;
Sometime when you think that your going,
Would leave an unfilled hole,
Just follow this simple instruction,
And see how it humbles your soul.

Take a bucket and fill it with water,
Put your hand in it up to your wrist,
Pull it out and the hole remaining
Is a measure of how much you'll be missed.

You may splash all you wish when you enter,
You may stir up the water galore,
But stop and you'll find in a minute
That it looks quite the same as before.

The moral of this quaint example,
Is do the best that you can,
Be proud of yourself, but remember,
There is NO Indespensible Man!

Unknown

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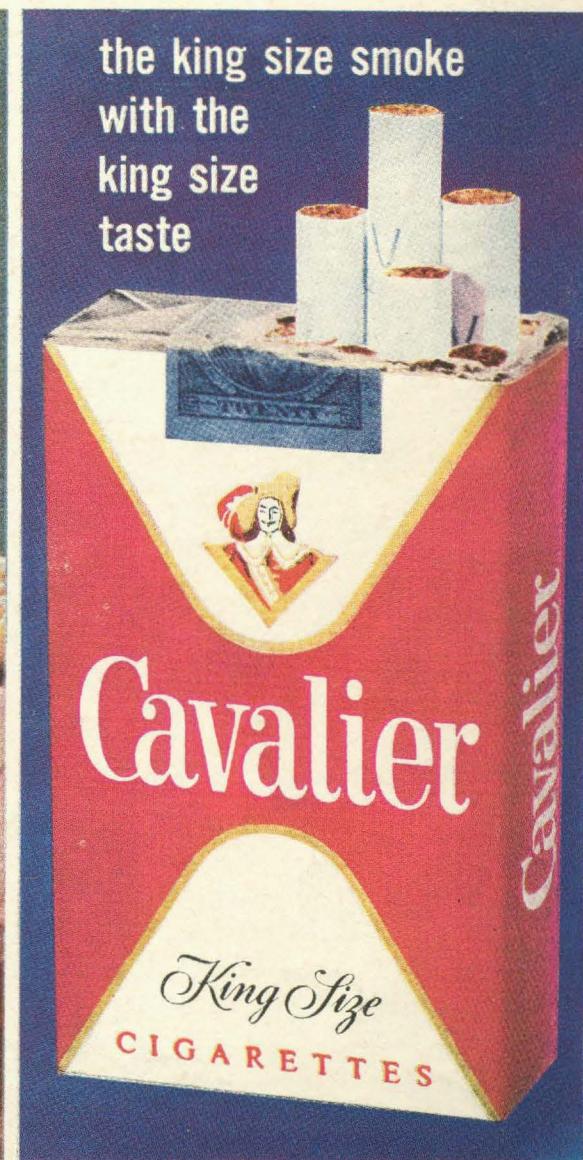
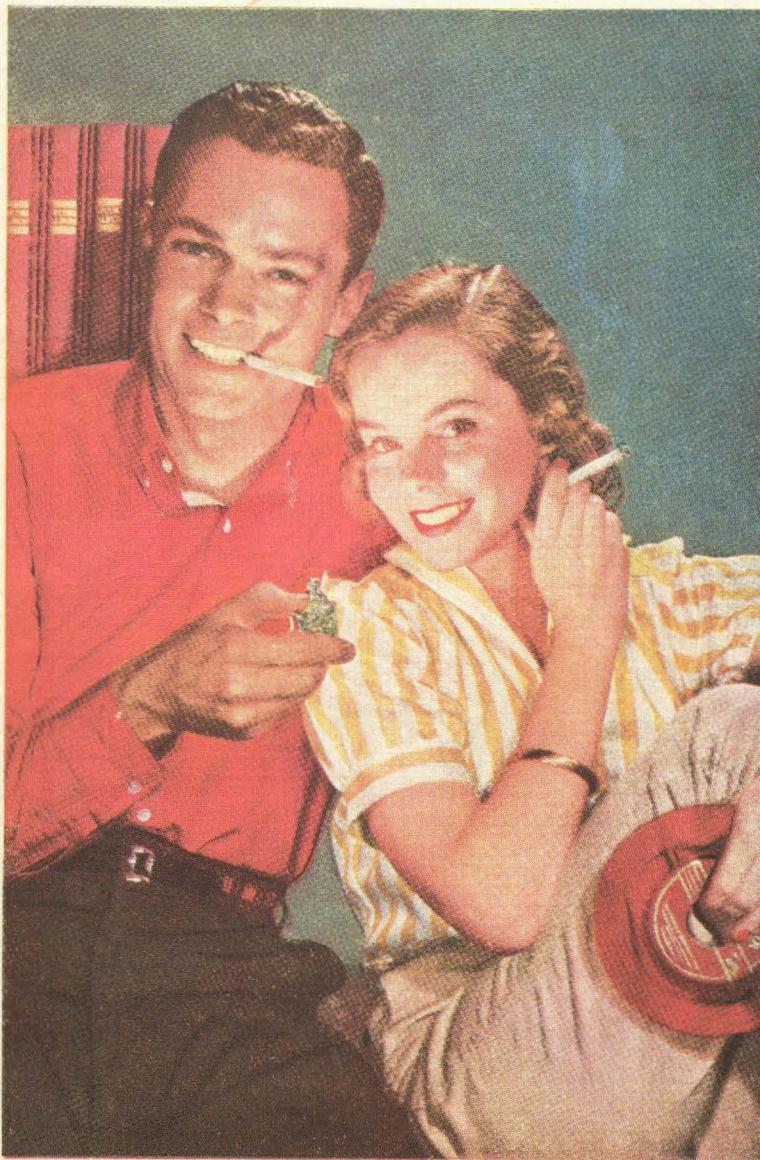
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